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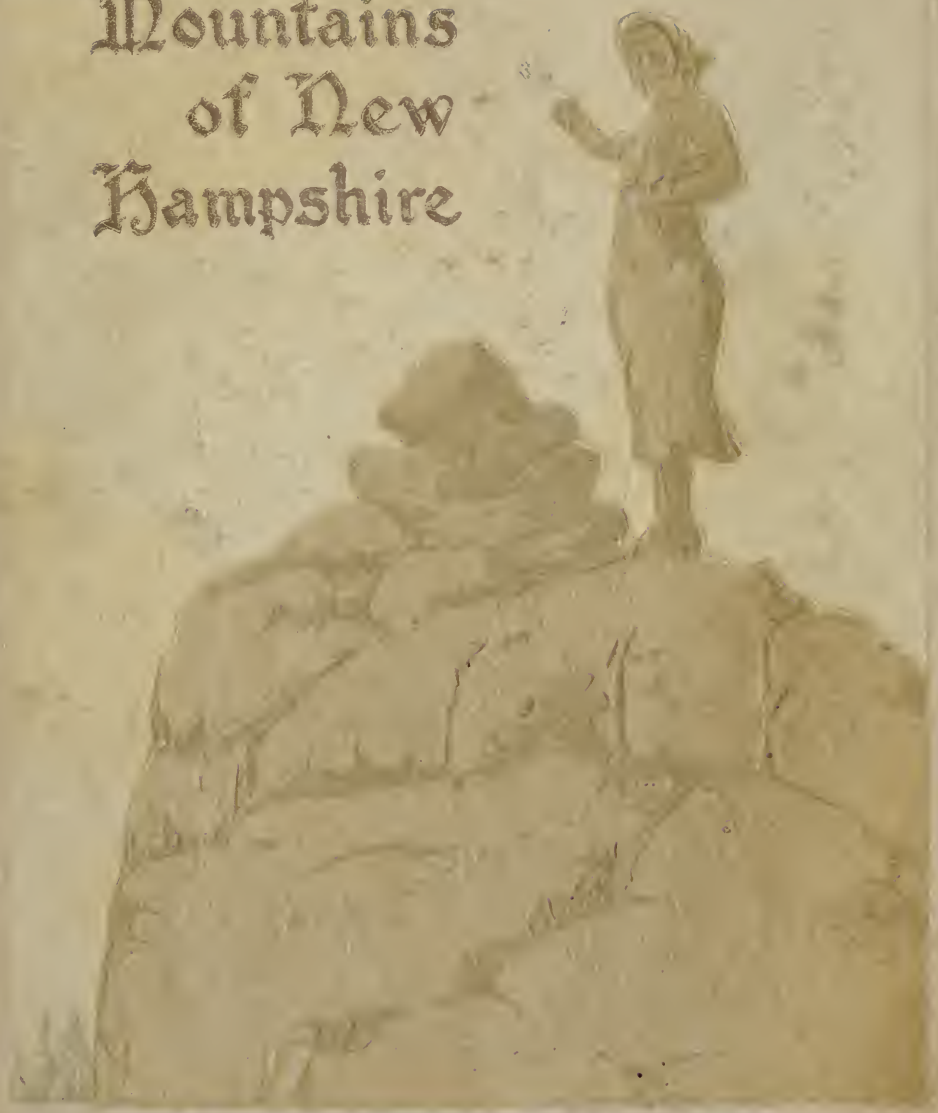
White Mountains of New Hampshire



THE

WHITE MOUNTAINS

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

In the Heart of the
Nation's Playground

ISSUED BY THE
GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT
BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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THE HEART OF THE NEW ENGLAND ALPS

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"FORE!"

TO PLAY golf up amid the clouds; to enjoy a New England summer sunset from a point more than a mile above one's office in the distant metropolis; to leave the heat-swathed city and in a few hours find one's self in clear, crisp air 1,600 feet above the sea—these are but a few of the unique experiences that come to those who select the White Mountains of New Hampshire for their vacation place.

Someone has said of this wonderfully fascinating region that it is the greatest country east of the Mississippi River for the strengthening and upbuilding of the human constitution; and this is literally true.

In this respect, and in point of scenic beauty, it has no rival in eastern America. The White Mountains are the Alps of New England, with all of the outdoor pastimes and joys that the term implies, and with much of the rugged grandeur as well.

And twenty-five millions of Americans may reach them within twenty-hours' journey of their homes, if they will.

THE VIEW OF CRAWFORD NOTCH IS INSPIRING

This is a country that lifts the tired mortal out of all contact with the cares and worries and drudgeries that may have been left behind on the hot and seething plain below—the breezy, germ-free, wide-spaced, sky-communing land of summer delight that soothes and heals and builds up tissue and brain-cell —and satisfies.

And after all, it is satisfaction, in vacation as in life itself, that is the chief desire of humanity.

If this booklet were being written twenty-five or fifty years ago, it would, in all probability, deal almost wholly with the scenic attributes of the White Mountain region—the phase that Thomas Starr King and Samuel Adams Drake and the long line of other illustrious word-painters loved to write about.

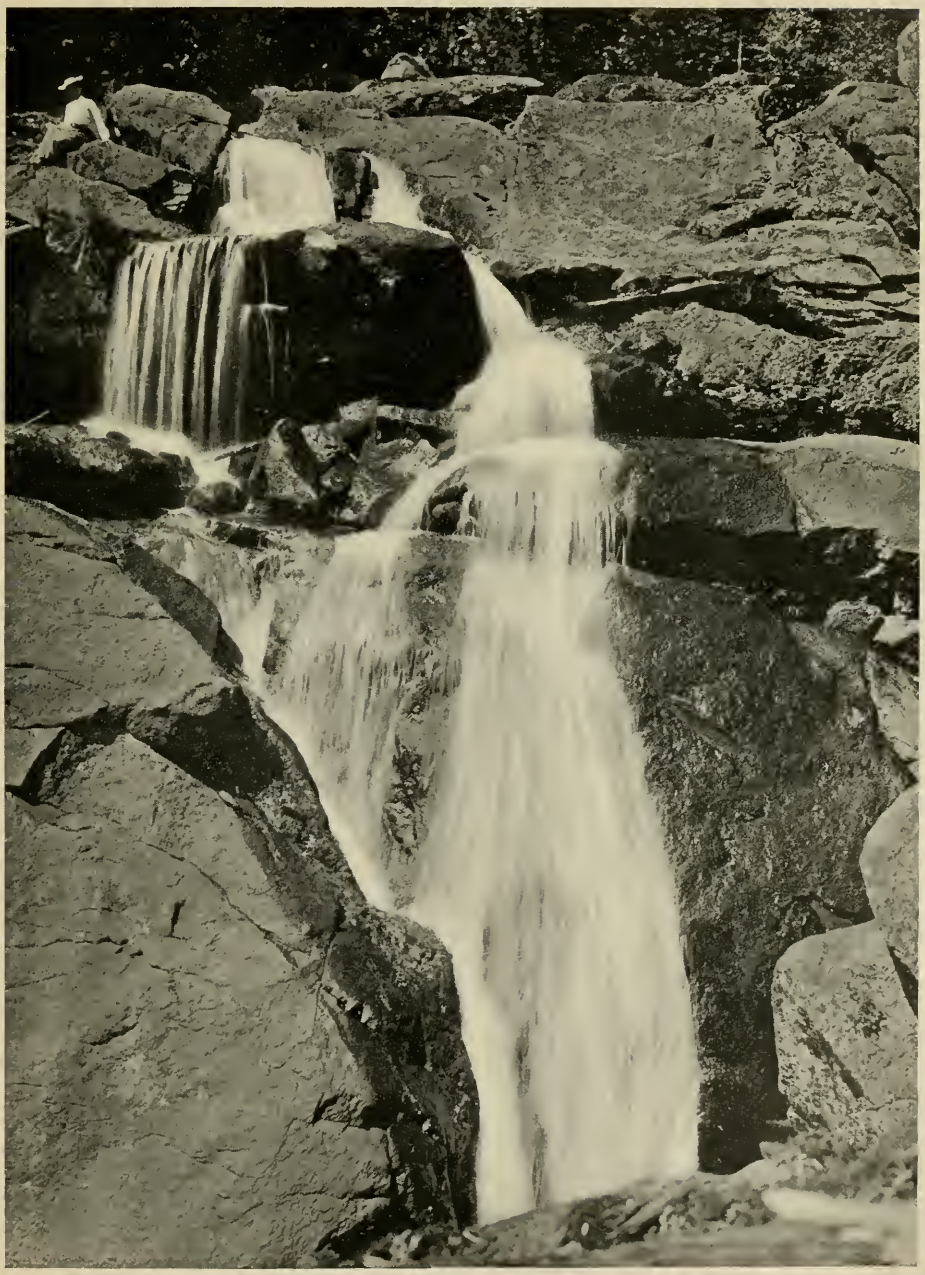
In those days there was not much else to write about; but to-day it is different, for life has come to the New England Highlands—life that fills their echoing valleys with the laughter of the strong-lunged and care-free; that effervesces on golf-

THE RIPPLING SACO

WHITE HORSE LEDGE NEAR NORTH CONWAY

MOUNTS ADAMS AND MADISON

CHILDREN FIND THEIR PARADISE IN THE MOUNTAINS



GEORGIANA FALLS, NORTH WOODSTOCK

TWIN MOUNTAINS FROM BETHLEHEM JUNCTION

FRANKENSTEIN TRESTLE IN CRAWFORD NOTCH

course and tennis-court and baseball field; that scintillates in gorgeously illuminated lobby and ballroom; that sprawls along interminable miles of range-encircling trails, and makes its presence felt in a score of thriving "centers" whose existence was as little foreseen by old Abel Crawford and the ill-fated Willey family as was the coming of the first airship.

These brief pages are likely to have more to say concerning what their summer visitors do than what they see from lofty mountain top or sunken floor of notch or ravine. Unchangeable is the scenery of the Mountains, but the human equation changes ever.

Filling the northern corner of the picturesque "Granite State" with their four-hundred-and-odd square miles of cloud-saluting peaks, this wonderful group of the Appalachian system challenges the attention of America's ninety millions from the geographical, the scenic and the social point of view. That the region was given its conformation and placed there by the

ONE SEES THE GOLF SMILE EVERYWHERE

Great Architect as a place of refuge for the wearied hosts who were by and by to people the busy cities and towns of America is a conclusion difficult to escape from. Certainly it is Nature's own sanatorium, where even the modern hay-fever victim may count on finding sure relief.

Mountains with their intervening valleys and basins are to be counted by the score. There are at least twenty-five with an altitude of more than 2,500 feet, and fifteen whose height above sea-level exceeds 4,000 feet. The king of this royal company, famous Mt. Washington, rears itself to an altitude of 6,290 feet, with all the stately grandeur of the illustrious American for whom it was named. It is upon its lofty summit that the ridge-pole of eastern America is found; and to stand there and gaze around the hundred-mile radius of prospect is to make one feel as though he were on the roof of the world with the stars for his nearest neighbor.

And, best of all, these Mountains and their attractive foothills are clothed with something like 2,000,000 acres of forests, hiding many of the loveliest waterfalls, most picturesque streams and most remarkable geological freaks to be found in the open pages of Nature's book.

Through these sinuous valleys and notches wind miles and miles of the finest highways to be found on the continent, offering rare inducements to those who enjoy motoring, driving or bicycling, and athwart the precipitous slopes of the Mountains themselves and along their connecting ridges run ribbon-like trails that spell joys and adventures well-nigh intoxicating to those who love to "tramp" the glorious hills in khaki suit and

MOUNT WASHINGTON'S SUMMIT AND THE LAKES OF THE CLOUDS

JACOB'S LADDER, MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY

THE SUN DISSIPATES THE SEA OF CLOUDS

AND REVEALS THIS LANDSCAPE BELOW

DIXVILLE NOTCH RESEMBLES SPANISH SCENERY

with pack on shoulders, their evening couch perchance a handful of fir boughs and their canopy a cotton shelter tent, or perhaps the open sky itself.

It is a sort of grown-up fairyland, this White Mountain region, each turn of a road or path, or each achievement of a summit revealing some new and wonderful spectacle or experience. The stimulating, sustaining mountain ozone, tinctured with the largest of the balsam growths, the wonderful clarity of the atmosphere, the surpassing glory of the sunsets and sunrises, the wraith-like effects of fog and cloud on mountain top and in valley, the weird and enchanting moonlight pictures, and the harmonious, enlivening and wholesome social life of the hotels and summer colonies together form such a magnetic combination that one learns without surprise that there are regular visitors to the Mountains who have been spending their summers there continuously for thirty and forty years.

In the White Mountains to-day every highway, be it of steel or earth, leads, directly or indirectly, toward Mt. Washington. This is the Mt. Blanc of the New England Switzerland, the "hub" of the vacation system. It is entirely fitting to enter upon a brief consideration of the White Mountains and their summer joys by utilizing Mt. Washington as the starting-point, for if one does not start from there, he is sure to eventually reach there.

It is because of this fact that Mt. Washington is the axis of the Mountains that Bretton Woods has come into existence as the chief resort of wealth and fashion in the region. It is

MOUNT LAFAYETTE AND FRANCONIA NOTCH

GOLF IS VERY POPULAR AT JEFFERSON

SUPERB VIEWS FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON CARRIAGE ROAD

THE UPLIFTING CATHEDRAL WOODS AT INTERVALE

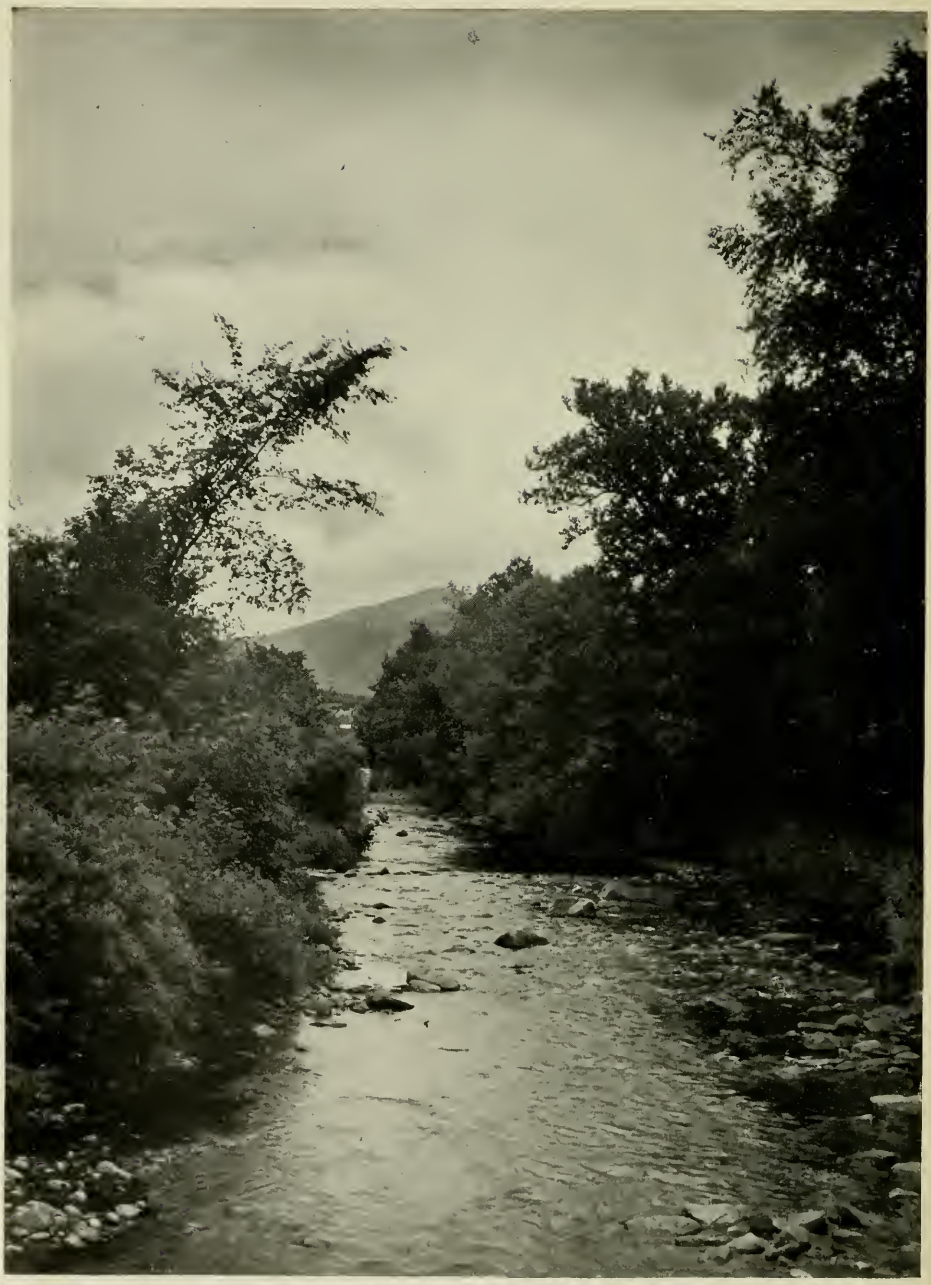
A PROMISING SEND-OFF

TROUT? JUST DROP THEM A LINE

THE MAGNIFICENT PRESIDENTIAL RANGE

to the White Mountains what Bar Harbor is to Maine or St. Augustine to Florida. Hither come the multimillionaires, the ambassadors from foreign countries with their suites, the literary lions of America, the big Wall Street kings of finance, the captains of industry from Pittsburg, the beef barons from Chicago, and the most beautifully gowned women from all sections of America and Europe.

When the great million-and-a-half-dollar palace hotel at Bretton Woods, the "Mount Washington," is aglow at night with its 5,000 incandescent lamps, there is an indoor scene comparable in brilliancy with a reception to the diplomatic corps at the White House or a levee at the Court of St. James. The "Mount Washington" is pioneer of a succession of other vacation-season palaces whose walls are by and by to uprear themselves in the Mountains, for the White Mountain fever that has possessed our middle classes for a generation or more has seized upon the plutocrats and the word has gone forth that



THE SACO AND AMMONOOSUC ARE RIVALS IN BEAUTY

the White Mountain country is the finest place on the footstool for summer rest and recuperation.

But Bretton Woods, with its dress parade of millionaires, its enchanting scenery, its 1,600 feet of altitude, its wonderful golf-course and its prismatic social life, has by no means "a monopoly" in the Mountains. It is merely a symptom.

There are other places—many of them—where one can enjoy just as good a time, according to one's taste or means—resorts like Bethlehem, the social center of the millions, rather than of the millionaires; Jefferson, Littleton, North Woodstock, Profile House, Crawfords, Franconia, Sugar Hill, Fabyan, Randolph, Gorham, North Conway, Intervale, Maplewood, Bethlehem, Jackson, Whitefield, Dixville Notch, and others to be mentioned later. Each of these places has its own local attractions and associations, and to a large extent its own clientele. The same magnificent air, the same superb scenery, the identical outdoor activities are shared by each and all of these resorts, and in effect they are units of one big and ever-growing vacation family, indulging in friendly rivalries on the baseball diamond or tennis-court and exchanging social visits when the spirit moves. And the spirit moves with oft-recurring regularity in these days, for in the White Mountains everybody, figuratively, wears a button labeled "Out for a Good Time."

The summer vacation season in the Mountains (there is nowadays, by the way, a winter vacation season there, too) begins about the last week in June, although some of the larger houses do not open until somewhat later. At Bethlehem,

PANORAMAS FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOPS

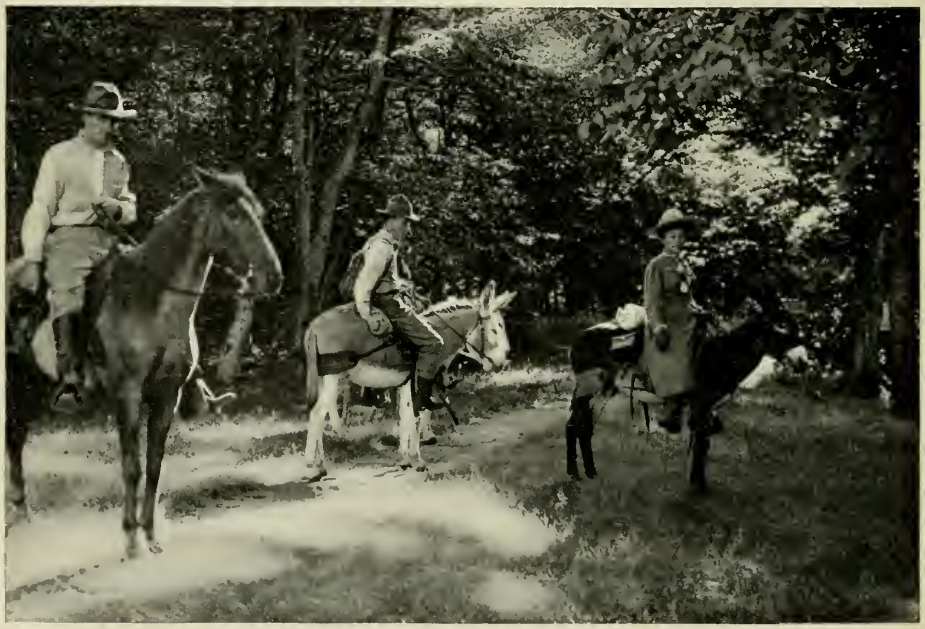
THE RUGGED GATEWAY OF CRAWFORD NOTCH

PROFILE NOTCH, ECHO LAKE AND THE HOTEL

GOLF REIGNS KING AT THE PROFILE HOUSE

Maplewood, Jefferson, Profile House, Bretton Woods, Crawford House, Fabyan, Twin Mountain House, North Woodstock, North Conway, Jackson, Dixville Notch and elsewhere some of the leading hotels at least are ready to receive guests on or about July first, and of late years the custom of spending the Fourth of July in the Mountains has been followed by many.

No more effective and sensible method of escaping the noise and heat of the Glorious Fourth could possibly be adopted. The quick transition from city clamor to Mountain quietude is almost miraculous. Not that the Mountains are entirely lacking in patriotism, for in certain corners of them they do celebrate the nation's Independence Day in a mild and subdued sort of way. At Littleton, for instance, one can enjoy horse-races, baseball and marathon runs; and at Bretton Woods it is deemed a religious duty to ignite a big bonfire on the "Mount Washington" lawn and touch off a few pyro-



A BIT OF CALIFORNIA IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

THE VISTA AT INTERVALE IS WIDE AND BEAUTIFUL

GOOD GOLFING TWO THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA

PASSING SHADOWS

technics. On the whole, however, it is the personification of a "sane" Fourth.

Shortly after Independence Day the regular summer visitors begin to put in an appearance at the various Mountain resorts by ones and two and family groups. Panting locomotives draw them in long trainloads up through the wonderful fifteen-mile Crawford Notch; big delegations of them drop off the trains at North Woodstock, and hundreds swing round the southwestern frontier of the Mountains and disembark at Bethlehem, Maplewood, Jefferson or whatever point on the "West Side" they are booked for.

By the first of August the hotels begin to take on the appearance of a London 'bus on a bank holiday, and throughout this ideal month the summer life is at *crescendo*. The younger members of the big summer colony are in an hourly whirl of delicious excitement, golfing, driving, fishing, motoring, disporting in swimming-pools, playing baseball, tennis or squash,

rowing, sailing (for you can row and sail in some parts of the Mountains), enjoying picnics and hay rides, "camping out," photographing, sketching, playing croquet, billiards or bridge, enjoying concerts or theatricals—in short, having a good time, as only those who summer in the White Mountains can enjoy one. For their elders, there are plenty of less exacting recreations, and failing all else, there is always the inspiring and satisfying scenery to enjoy—for the White Mountain scenery is genial and soothing, and lacks the austerity that marks some of the mountain scenery of the far West.

Life goes on pretty much like this until the middle of September, for the "season," once ending with August, has a tendency to lengthen a little every year, so loath are the lovers of the Mountains to leave their splendid sanatorium.

In considering the varied list of outdoor pastimes in this altitudinous sanatorium of the millions, it is rather difficult to decide as to which of these excels in popular favor. It will, however, be entirely safe to place the royal game of golf pretty near the head of the list, for in no part of the country are the facilities for indulging in this popular sport more extensive than in the White Mountains. Some of the finest courses in America are to be found here, and, needless to say, some of the most celebrated players in the world have followed the elusive ball over their velvety acres.

There are at least a score of such courses in various parts of the White Mountains territory, of which four are eighteen-hole courses—those at Bretton Woods, Maplewood, Profile House and Waumbek House, Jefferson. There are nine-hole courses at Jackson, Intervale, North Conway, Fabyan, Twin Mountain House, Bethlehem, Sunset Hill House, Sugar Hill, Colebrook, Whitefield, Forest Hill, Franconia and Breezy Point, Moosilauke; and six-hole courses at Crawford House, and Hotel Look-Off, Sugar Hill.

Some of these are maintained by the hotels that are the chief factor in the summer life of the place, while others are under the control of local clubs, as in the case of Bethlehem and Jefferson. Each course, naturally, has its own charac-

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS STERNLY GUARDS HIS VAST DOMAIN

teristics, and in combination they form an infinite variety of physical surroundings, hazards and other features. In point of sheer picturesqueness, there are few golf-links in the United States that are to be compared with those at Maplewood; while the Bretton Woods course, from its peculiar situation in the great mountain-walled basin that forms the resort, is entirely unique.

The Bretton Woods course is distinctive in one other respect also, and that is in the number and discipline of its "caddies." These are a battalion of some sixty bright boys annually brought up from a Boston "settlement," carefully trained and drilled for the work and handled by their instructors in all their various comings and goings on semi-military principles.

As a rule, the various professional and amateur tournaments at Bretton Woods, Maplewood, Jefferson and the other more important resorts are among the most spectacular outdoor events of the season in the Mountains, drawing together brilliant assemblages of society people and some of the most prominent "talent" in the country. One or two of the Mountain golf clubs are made up exclusively of a few of the more prominent society people summering in the region, and their weekly teas are among the swell functions of the social calendar.

It is by no means an uncommon event for more than one hundred golfers to play over the Bretton Woods course in a single day.

While baseball is a perennially attractive pastime all over the Mountain region, tennis is an outdoor sport that has an ineradicable hold there. There are a number of excellent

THE FLUME IS ONE OF NATURE'S OLDEST WORKS

courts, but none of them is more enchantingly located, nor more famous throughout the country than that at Crawford House, at the very gateway of the marvelous Crawford Notch.

At the annual tennis tournament here, players and devotees of the game flock from every large hotel in the Mountains, and the picture presented by players and fashionably attired spectators on a fine August afternoon is a particularly brilliant one. There are frequently fifty or more entries, with some of the most expert players in the country in the lists. The result of these annual tournaments is always regarded as one of the most important bits of published athletic intelligence of the day.

The friendly rivalry between leading hotels and "centers" in the Mountains, which serves to accentuate the interest of summer life therein, finds its chief "safety-valve" in baseball matches, however. Here, again, Bretton Woods takes a leading part, but practically every other center in the Mountains has its local team of no mean caliber, and exciting, indeed, are

TENNIS IS A VIGOROUS RIVAL OF GOLF IN MANY PLACES

AN OUTDOOR "BRIDGE" PARTY

ONE LESS THAN THE "BOGEY"

some of the contests that take place between them. From the beginning the national game has always been popular in the White Mountains, and from the Glorious Fourth until the last carload of summer visitors has departed, the players and "fans" are in daily action all over the region.

For fear that golf, tennis and baseball may not be sufficiently strong a trinity to satisfy the summer populace, regular athletic "meets," with formidable programs and accompanying band concerts, are frequently held at one or more of the "centers." In this way the distinguished athletes of Bretton Woods, Profile, Maplewood, Crawford's and other points get together and measure speed and strength in 100-yard dashes, mile runs, jumping, throwing and other feats, the winners receiving special medals or other suitable rewards.

In tennis, golf and some of the other conventional pastimes, women, of course, participate extensively; and those who do not golf or wield the racket are apt to be devotees of horse-

THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE IS MAGNIFICENT FROM ALL POINTS

THE FIRST DRIVE OF THE SEASON, BRETTON WOODS

BASEBALL IS ALSO A FEATURE

THE GRAND STAND

THE FILMY VEIL AWAITS THE GIANT'S BRIDE

ONE CAN ALSO BOAT AND CANOE UP NEAR THE CLOUDS

THE ENTHUSIASTS ARE OUT EVERY MORNING

THERE IS CROQUET FOR THE LESS STRENUOUS

THE TOLL-GATE, A RELIC OF BY-GONE DAYS

"ROCKY FORD"

MILBROOK CASCADE, THORNTON

back riding, one of the most popular and delightful exercises possible in the Mountains.

For those who do not bring their own mounts, as many do, there are splendid liveries at all of the leading centers and, in addition, riding-masters and instructors of national renown. The entire White Mountain country, with its magnificent highways and its fine bridle-paths, offers exceptional opportunities for riding under the most delightful auspices of climate and scenery, and no more body-building and muscle-hardening pastime can be indulged in.

At some of the resorts there are also bowling-greens maintained, where this fine old sport may be enjoyed by its lovers; and clock golf is also on the list. At Bretton Woods even water sports are possible, and are frequently held, the great swimming-pool at the "Mount Washington" making this feasible, as well as furnishing the visiting vacationists a most excellent substitute for a morning or afternoon dip in the

TALKING IT OVER

"briny." Dashes, under-water races, diving and even tub races are held, the Bretton Woods caddies having an excellent opportunity to display their natatorial talents here.

Driving, of course, is one of the perennially popular pastimes throughout the White Mountains; and these vehicular expeditions are sometimes combined with delightful outings of several days' duration such as have become popularized in California and Colorado. It is no uncommon thing for a large party of congenial spirits to fare forth in tally-hos or Mountain wagons from one of the big hotels, accompanied by chef and chaperone, and be gone the greater part of a week, visiting almost all of the important centers of interest in the Mountains, reveling in the wonderful scenery and bracing air, and "camping out" at night in true gypsy style, if the weather is propitious. Smaller parties sometimes enjoy the same nomadic experiences in motor-cars, for the hotels have up-to-date garages as well as liveries.

TWO IS COMPANY

Then there is the combined carriage and railroad one-day trip, which enables the sojourner at almost any of the score or more of White Mountain resorts to visit the aerial summit of Mt. Washington, explore the wonders of Crawford Notch, or gaze with awe upon the stern features of the Old Man of the Mountains, returning home in time for dinner—that all-important factor in vacation life in the Mountains and elsewhere.

Broadly speaking, one may nowadays, through the aid of the railroads—standard-gauge, narrow-gauge and cog—get from anywhere to anywhere else in the Mountains and back again in a period but a little longer than that usually devoted to a day's business in office or bank. One can more easily climb a mountain than was the case a quarter of a century ago, for the way has been made easier and safer through the good offices of the modern trail-builder. This same trail-builder has conferred a greater boon to humanity than has the trust-buster.

Nor does the foregoing by any means exhaust the list of possibilities in the line of outdoor pastimes in the Mountains. Rather it is only a beginning. Think what wonderful worlds there are awaiting the conquering approach of the tramper. Weston in his pedestrian journeys across the continent did not quaff of half the joys that await the outdoor explorer in the White Mountains. There is no Mountain summit, notch, ravine, valley, lake, stream, ice cave, ridge, gulf, overlook, precipice, waterfall, village, lumber camp or hermit's hut that the tramper cannot reach or explore. Lost rivers are lost no more when he takes the trail; and even winter, with its five or six feet of snow and its temperature of 25 degrees below zero, has no terrors for him, for he simply dons his snow-shoes, like the Crawfords of old and the Indians before them, and even the ice-bound crown of Mt. Washington itself is his, if he so wills.

Men and women, boys and girls, alike in these days tramp the Mountains for days and miles with the perseverance of Iroquois and the nonchalance of gypsies, getting from their

glorious experience a hardening of flesh, a brightness of eye and a bronzing of skin that might well have been the heritage of the Western pioneers. Sleeping beneath a cotton tent, or under the friendly roof of the Appalachian Mountain Club hut on Mt. Madison, they soon learn that "the joy of living" is something more than a mere printed phrase. It is the essence of summer vacation enjoyment and experience in the White Mountains, and neither golf nor tennis can take its place.

Walking parties, small, large and medium-sized, as well as individual trampers, are always to be encountered wherever one finds one's self in the Mountains; and not infrequently the visitor descending Mt. Washington by the carriage-road meets a bevy of red-cheeked, bright-eyed maidens attired in bloomers, from some girls' camp, perhaps forty or fifty miles' distant; or while the tourist is quietly enjoying the wonderful view from the summit of that lofty eminence, suddenly an imposing company of brown-clad youths will disturb his meditations by emerging from the Crawford trail and descending, half-famished, upon the Tip-Top House restaurant, like Boer soldiers attacking a Transvaal kopje.

From Bretton Woods and its vicinage, from Jefferson, Randolph, Gorham, Jackson, North Conway, Maplewood, Bethlehem, North Woodstock and the rest of the Mountain "centers" glorious trail trips through valley and over summit radiate in every direction, some of them leading in a few minutes to prospects that the Rockies themselves need not be ashamed of.

From North Woodstock, one may easily and quickly explore some of the most interesting portions of the Pemigewasset and Franconia Notch region, including the famous Flume. North Conway and Intervale offer "tramping" opportunities innumerable among the lower members of the Mountain colony, including Moat Mountain and Mt. Kearsarge and several of the picturesque cascades and basins of the vicinity.

From Jackson and the Crawford House, one may negotiate the Crawford and Pinkham Notches, with their rugged

THE LINKS AT SUNSET HILL

COOL IS THE POOL, FRANCONIA NOTCH

and beautiful scenery and climb to some of the magnificent overlooks that have been placed there, balcony-like, by a prodigal Creator for the benefit of the twentieth-century tourist.

Bretton Woods offers a wide variety of both long and short excursions afoot, including such well-known places as Mt. Echo, Mt. Stickney, Mt. Pleasant, Mt. Willard, Mt. Webster, Mt. Deception, Ammonoosuc Falls, the Lake Among the Clouds and the various peaks of the Presidential Range, including Mt. Washington itself.

From Profile House, with its score of cosy cottages, the tourist may "sally forth" to Echo Lake, Mt. Cannon, Mt. Lafayette, the Pool, the Flume and various other popular objective points of the summer visitor, invariably finding excellent roads and trails.

Bethlehem and Maplewood, places of magnificent distances and smiling landscape, have breezy Mt. Agassiz, topped by an aerial observation tower, from which the visitor may look out upon a scene of grandeur and enchantment, taking in large portions of northern New Hampshire, of Vermont, and even of parts of Canada.

The habitués of Jefferson have always in their mind's eye a jaunt to Cherry Mountain, to the summit of Mt. Madison, or to the tip-top of Mt. Washington itself; and so at Gorham, Randolph, Whitefield, Dixville Notch, Holderness, Plymouth, Sugar Hill and all the rest of the illustrious White Mountain list there is a variety of these always-enjoyable expeditions afoot to be enjoyed, their extent being limited only by conditions of physique or weather or time.

CRAWFORD HOUSE, THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE BEYOND

Different devotees of mountain climbing have their different ways of doing it. Some make it a rule to start before sunrise on their day's expedition; others prefer to delay till the cool of the afternoon.

To mention but one of many enjoyable walking jaunts, it is possible for a congenial party to leave Bretton Woods at 6 o'clock in the morning, ride to the base of Mt. Pleasant, and then begin their "climb to the clouds." After reaching the summit of Mt. Washington over the fine trail, the crest of Mt. Jefferson may be negotiated by the Gulfside trail, the return being made by the Westside trail to Mt. Pleasant, thence down by the Franklin path, a total distance of about twenty-five miles.

A record-breaking trip, covering every peak of the Presidential Range, was recently made by a party of college men, who tramped from Randolph to the Crawford House in a little more than seven hours, starting shortly before 8 in the morn-

THE BROOK, THE TREES; THE HILLS, THE BREEZE

ABOVE AGASSIZ BASIN

LOOKING DOWN CRAWFORD NOTCH FROM MOUNT WILLARD

ing and reaching their destination about 3.15 in the afternoon. The summits of Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Clay, Washington, Monroe, Franklin, Pleasant and Clinton were crossed and a stop of about half an hour was made at the Tip-Top House on the summit of Mt. Washington, where, with the blue Atlantic on one side of them and the Dominion of Canada on the other, they enjoyed lunch with the zest that is known only to mountain-climbers and sailors.

When all other forms of outdoor enjoyment are exhausted (if such a thing could be possible in the Mountains), there still remains the historic pastime of fishing. The Saco and the Ammonoosuc and the numerous streamlets that enter them, not to mention the Pemigewasset, abound in brook trout, and afford hours, and even days, of royal sport. There are many summer sojourners here who find their chief recreation in whipping the trout brooks of the Mountain region, and seldom are they obliged to return home with empty creels.

GIBB'S FALLS NEAR CRAWFORD, A JUNIOR YOSEMITE

LANDSCAPES TO DELIGHT THE ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER

Needless to say, the White Mountains are literally a paradise for the wielders of brush and pencil as well as for the devotees of art photography. Their wonderful conformation, their marvelous atmosphere, their gorgeous sunrise and sunset effects and their dramatic pageantries of cloud and mist make them a very wonderland of picturesqueness. As the great artists of the West like to go to the Yosemite Valley for the pursuit of their ideals, so do the artists of the East, both great and small, delight to spend their summer holidays amid the ravines and valleys or atop of the breezy summits of the White Mountains.

The region has been well described as "Nature's mammoth museum." Of their many natural wonders, it is necessary here to refer to only a few. There is the wonderful Flume, in Franconia Notch, a great cleft in the Mountain 900 feet long and 60 to 70 feet high; its neighboring Pool and Basin, remarkable depressions filled with crystal water and with most romantic surroundings; the world-famous "Old Man of the Mountains," stern and immovable sentinel of this entire region; White Horse Ledge, near North Conway and Intervale, so called on account of its fancied resemblance to a dashing steed; Lost River, at North Woodstock, and the remarkable Lakes of the Clouds, situated in a depression between Mt. Washington and Mt. Monroe, 5,000 feet above the sea.

One of the greatest and most awe-inspiring of Nature's wonders here is the Crawford Notch, up whose steep grades and between whose beetling cliffs the laboring train brings throngs of marveling tourists every day in summer. The Notch, named after one of the noted pioneer families of the region, is about 15 miles long and its western portal is 1,890 feet above the level of the ocean. In the 30 miles between North Conway and Crawfords 1,369 feet of this elevation occurs, there being a rise of 116 feet to the mile for nine consecutive miles in its steepest portion.

To properly sense the picturesqueness and the immensity of this strange defile, the tourist must see it from a carriage or observation-car, or from the verge of one of its gigantic cliff-

walls. It cannot be adequately described under ordinary conditions; to attempt this when the cottony mists are sweeping through it in tortuous convolutions, or when the autumnal frosts have changed the green of its maples and birches to crimson and gold, is a task that the hardiest knight of the pen might well shrink from.

There is a good deal about the Notch that recalls a suggestion of the Alps or the Canadian Rockies; and even these cannot afford the same superb view as that which dawns upon the beholder standing on the summit of Mt. Willard, nearly three thousand feet above the sea, and looking eastward down that marvelous valley.

It was in the heart of the Crawford Notch that the members of the Willey family were destroyed by the historic landslide many years ago. The site of this catastrophe is one of the landmarks of the region, and is visited by hundreds of tourists every year. The drive through the Notch is an obligation amounting almost to an unwritten law on the part of vacationists sojourning at Crawfords, Bretton Woods, Fabyan, Twin Mountain House, Jackson and the Intervale North Conway region. No White Mountain experience is more delightful.

After every one of the White Mountain "centers" was given its due in printed and illustrated page (which would be quite impracticable from the guide-book point of view), they would all, figuratively speaking, still have to take off their hats to grand old Mt. Washington. As in the ancient days when the White Mountains were first revealed to the eyes of white men, he continues to be monarch of all he surveys, and that is a good deal, geographically speaking.

From the summit of Washington, the radius of view is much more than one hundred miles, taking in the ocean, the New Hampshire lake country, the Connecticut River Valley, the Rangeley Lake country and a goodly section of the Maine district, and reaching far into Vermont and Canada. This is one of the reasons why so many thousands of the world's people have been impelled to ascend to its breeze-swept sum-

MOUNTAIN CRAGS AT DIXVILLE NOTCH

QUAINT VIEWS ON THE HIGHWAY TO THE FLUME

VEIL CASCADE NEAR SUNSET HILL

mit during the last half century or so, princes, presidents and potentates among them.

Like the Mountains in general, Mt. Washington is not quite to be described; it must be visited and studied on its own account.

Every fine day in summer the famous cog-railway, with its pushing locomotives and inclining cars, is busy transporting visitors from all parts of the globe to the top of this famous mountain.

The Mt. Washington Railway has been running since 1869, and in all these years not a passenger has been killed or injured. From the Base Station, the distance covered by the cog-railway is about three miles, and the average grade is 1,300 feet to the mile. At its greatest gradient it is nearly 2,000 feet to the mile. Its famous trestle, or "Jacob's Ladder," together with its peculiarly shaped locomotives, are familiar to millions of Americans who have never seen them, through the medium of printed illustrations and descriptions.

Trains running over rails of standard gauge take the tourist from Fabyan and Bretton Woods to Base Station (both the Boston & Maine and Maine Central Railroads meeting at the former stations), and at the Base the passengers change to the cog-railway, which conveys them to the summit by a slow yet all too rapid journey. The ever-changing panorama spread out before the eye of the ascending tourist, the differentiations of air and flora, the stop at the brink of the awesome Gulf, and the final disembarkation at the summit of the great eminence, nearly a mile and a quarter above the sea, form a series

EVERY MINUTE BRINGS A SCENIC CONTRAST

DIANA'S BATH, NEAR NORTH CONWAY

THE ARCHED HIGHWAY THROUGH THE HILLS

A GLIMPSE OF GLORIOUS CHOCORUA

of kaleidoscopic impressions that can never be effaced from the memory. The tourist has the privilege of ascending several high mountains in America, but none of these bring quite the satisfactory results of a climb to the summit of Mt. Washington.

Up here on the roof of New England the most dyspeptic tourist may enjoy a ravenous appetite, and this may always be satisfied in the cosy interior of the historic Tip-Top House, erected away back in 1853 and chained to the lichened rocks of the summit so that the fierce blasts of winter will not carry it away bodily.

Pending the rebuilding of the famous Summit House, destroyed by fire some months ago, the Tip-Top House is doing duty as hotel and café, and pæans of praise are being sounded throughout the land in behalf of its delicious old-fashioned New England menus, on the part of those who have been privileged to enjoy them.

CHOCORUA'S STORM-BEATEN CROWN

A BURRO PARTY OFF FOR A MOUNTAIN CLIMB

The scenic charms of Jefferson, Randolph, Gorham and the north side of the Mountains generally lose nothing of their impressiveness on closer acquaintance. Jefferson, with its growing Waumbek Colony, represents one of the highest types of the White Mountain vacation resort. It is a community of cottages as well as of lively hotel life, and the younger element in the summer tourist population seems to be peculiarly well represented here. The Waumbek golf links, already mentioned, rank among the highest in the region and are annually the scene of many an interesting tournament, participated in by noted experts.

Starr King Mountain, lifting its massive proportions here, is one of the features of the landscape; and Cherry Mountain is another of Jefferson's prized possessions. The summer social life here is everything that could be desired, and there is no form of outdoor or indoor amusement common to the Mountains generally that cannot be enjoyed here, including

UPPER CASCADES, FRANCONIA NOTCH

THE CLUB HOUSE AND LINKS AT BETHLEHEM

trap shooting. There is a splendid livery and the highways are ideal.

Colebrook, situated about twenty-five miles southwest of the famous Connecticut lakes, source of the Connecticut River, is another popular tourist center that may properly be classed among the White Mountain resorts. Ten miles beyond it lies romantic Dixville Notch, with its spendid summer hotel, The Balsams, nestling at the side of lovely Lake Gloriette. Here is an ideal rest resort if ever there was one.

The Dixville Mountains, in which is the romantic Notch of that name, are really a group apart from the White Mountains, and some forty miles distant from the Presidential Range. Dixville Notch is a sort of way-station on the popular carriage and motoring route between the White Mountains and the Rangeley Lakes country in Maine; and, therefore, has become pleasantly known to many summer visitors from all sections of the country.

DRIVES THAT WIND BY RIVERS AND BROOKS

THE WINDING SACO RIVER

AND THE GORGE OF ITS RIVAL, AMMONOOSUC

Intended to suggest, rather than to describe, this brochure may not go much further into details of the White Mountains' glories than has been herein set forth. There has been much that has been left untold; but perhaps it is just as well to leave something to the reader's imagination—and personal discovery. Even the full sum of the vacation pleasures of the Mountains has not been set down here. If the life outdoors is wide and free, that indoors is gay and brilliant to a degree. The big hotels, as at Bretton Woods and Maplewood, Crawford's, Bethlehem, Profile and Jefferson, are simply overflowing with fascinating indoor social life. From week to week they present a never-ending succession of musicales, balls, bridge parties, lectures, theatricals, dinners, teas, receptions, charades, and this, that and the other form of social enjoyment so dear to the hearts of American men and women of leisure. To these are sometimes added delightful outdoor theatricals by professional Woodland players. Indeed, the habitués of the White Mountains may, and do, enjoy the whole gamut of our national social pleasures.

It is gratifying to all who love outdoor life that the tendency to lengthen the period of vacation in the Mountains increases year by year, until now the season of autumnal foliage and crisper atmosphere and clearer horizons finds a large and constantly growing contingent of vacationists still lingering at hotel and cottage, reluctant to close the chapter and return to their homes in the cities.

It is well that they do, for it is then that the White Mountains fall under the spell of the Great Painter, and grim Mt.

ABOVE THE FLEETING CLOUDS, MOUNT WASHINGTON

THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER'S THIRST

Washington looks through the amber September or October haze upon a far-reaching harlequinade of rainbow hues.

There is nothing upon all this continent, or elsewhere, that can compare with the autumnal glory of the White Mountains. It can neither be described, nor painted, nor humanly staged. No matter from what point of vantage the autumnal foliage of the Mountains is viewed—whether from the summit of high mountain or the floor of valley—the spectacle is one that is grand beyond imagination.

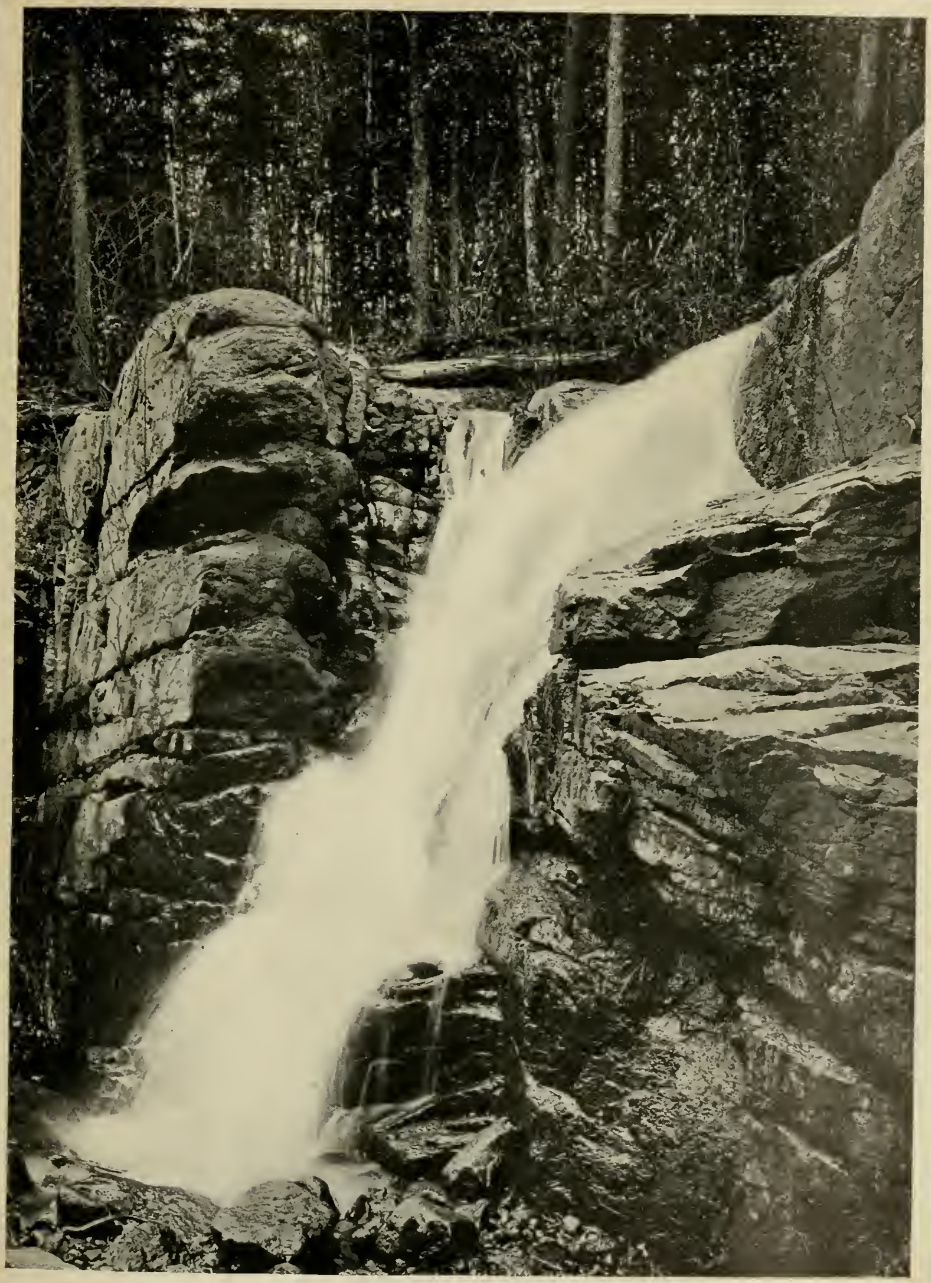
For many, the true vacation is just now commencing. While others have gone back from seashore, lake or mountain to again take up the tasks of business or household life, hundreds of those who love and understand the Mountains are on the way to their favorite haunts to spend the summer end in the most exhilarating and beneficial of outdoor pastimes—mountain-climbing, driving, golfing, fishing and shooting.

There is no part of the White Mountains where one may not enjoy to the full the surpassing loveliness of the autumnal benediction, drenching the hill slopes with bright kalsomining of crimson and yellow and lighting up the deepest and darkest valleys and ravines with its blazonry.

The Crawford, Franconia, Pinkham and Carter Notches lend themselves particularly well to this marvelous fall display of color and contrast—for vivid, indeed, is the contrast between the brilliant colors of the maples and the somber green of the pines and firs. More amplified views of the chromatic carnival may be enjoyed from such places as Jefferson, Bretton Woods and Bethlehem, with their wider prospects. Fortunate is the visitor who can view the incomparable picture from each and all of these vantage points. Certainly,

> "There is a beautiful spirit breathing now,
> Its mellow richness on the clustered trees."

Such are the White Mountains of New England—in a sort of thumb-nail sketch.



GRAND CASCADE ABOVE THE FLUME

AU REVOIR!

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